

# THE QUIVER

Saturday, October 3, 1868. *per*



THE TEMPLE CHURCH.

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THE PULPIT OF HOOKER AND THE GRAVE OF GOLDSMITH.

ON the 10th of February, in the year 1185, a crowd of citizens, monks, and nobles was gathered on the banks of the Thames, just outside the walls of London, at the head of the slope which rises to the west of the river Fleet. There is a look of earnestness about the assemblage, not at all suggestive of approaching amusement. Even the groups of boys at play, on the outskirts of the

meeting, continually pause from their sports, as if looking out for some expected procession. We see that the multitude is gradually closing round a lofty and circular stone pile, surmounted by a cross, and bearing on its walls white banners, having a red cross in the centre of each. Two of the banners especially attract the reverential notice of the gathering throng. One is white, bearing the figure of a lamb carrying a cross; the other displays a series of black stripes on the white ground, with the blood-red cross in the centre. The former is the usual standard of "the militia of Christ," the other is the special war-banner of "the soldiery of the Temple." The name of the striped ensign, "Beausant," has become the war-cry of the Templars, and is well known on the battle-fields of Palestine.

The day has come for the consecration of the church of "the New Temple," and this morning a patriarch of Jerusalem is to dedicate the round and bannered building. The second crusade had just passed, like a huge war-wave, over Europe and into Asia, having failed to break the power of the Mahometans in Syria. A third expedition is projected, and surely Henry II. of England will gladly join in so grand a struggle against Saladin. So reasoned the ecclesiastical politicians in that age, so hoped the Knights Templars, and, therefore, Heraclius, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, had visited England to set before the king the duty and the glory of a third crusade. The patriarch's arguments were, doubtless, logical and weighty, but they failed to move the obstinate Plantagenet. Henry's naughty wife and rebellious sons had given him trouble enough, to say nothing of the flogging at Beckett's tomb; and he might well wish for a little repose at the close of life. Before, however, the disappointed Heraclius left London, he was induced by the English Templars to consecrate their new church, then just finished. Therefore was the crowd gathered; some to gaze on a patriarch, others to witness the procession of the Templars, from their monastery in Holborn to their new home in "the Fleet Street."

The procession was not one of the ordinary ecclesiastical pageants, so common in those times. The multitude regarded "the militia of Christ" as under the oath of the Cross. Their heroism on the battle-fields of Syria had won for the red-cross warriors the immortal crowns of martyrdom. Such were the feelings with which the great majority of the crowd gazed on the procession of the knights in their white mantles; noted the nobles who marched as "companions of the Temple," and struggled to get a near view of Heraclius and Brother Geoffrey, the master of the London Temple. All entered the round church chanting a litany, the consecration was performed, the censors swung, the "holy water" sprinkled, and

a dedication feast followed, giving a festal finish to the ceremonials of the day. The structure thus opened was the part now called the "Round," which formed, for about half a century, the church of the London Templars.\* A semicircular moulding over the entrance contained an inscription of seven lines, which narrated all the particulars of the consecration. This appropriate memorial is no longer seen, having been broken by workmen during the repairs in 1695. The remainder of the church, now forming the body of the building, was subsequently erected and consecrated about the year 1240, on which occasion Henry III. and his gorgeous Court took a part in the proceedings.

Shall we pause here to remind our readers that the Templars formed in the year 1118 only a small brotherhood of nine French knights, who then organised a "society" for protecting and aiding pilgrims in Jerusalem? The influence of the new order spread so rapidly, that in the year 1244 the number of estates belonging to the brotherhood was estimated at 9,000, and the annual revenue in 1311 has been reckoned at £6,000,000. Even the most cynical will admit that this was something like "getting on in the world." Of course, the knights endured many hard knocks in return for this prosperity, and were both dreaded and hated by the warriors of Islam. The method of "purification" adopted by Saladin when he recovered Jerusalem, in 1187, illustrates the intensity of Mahometan feeling. The Sultan sent to Damascus for five camels' loads of rose-water, with which the late houses of the knights were carefully washed in every part. Whether the housemaids of the Templars were slovens, or Saladin's tastes peculiar, may be matter of debate.

The two parts of the Temple Church, though differing in age only about half a century, are very distinct in style. The "Round" is semi-Norman, consisting of two circles, the whole surmounted by a tower resting on six pillars of Purbeck marble. The singular countenances sculptured on the walls should be studied by those who wish to gain some insight into the spirit of the old church architects.

The porch will repay the notice of all who can use their eyes wisely. The foliated capitals, lozenges, roses, the human forms with scrolls in hand, and the beautiful ribs of the arches, present a combination of elegant simplicity with quaint device.

The eight marble pillars of the Early English nave support an elaborately-painted roof. The floor is covered with richly-embazoned tiles; those on the south side bearing the winged horse,

\* Three other "round churches" are in England, formerly belonging to the Templars: one at Cambridge, another at Northampton, and a third at Little Maplestead.

now the arms of the Inner Temple; while on the opposite side the lamb and cross denote the part of the church appropriated to the Middle Temple. The latter symbol was originally borne by the whole body of Templars, but about the year 1563 the classical, or mythological, or poetical tastes of the Inner Temple induced the Benchers to displace the lamb and adopt Pegasus. The winged horse will now probably keep his place in one-half of the Temple Church, while the lamb reigns in the other.

The church should be seen from the west end of the "Round," from the east end of the nave, and from different parts of the triforium. In ascending the stairs to the latter, the visitor will, of course, step into the penitential cell, from which offending knights, under punishment, could see and hear the service in the church below.

Imagination may picture many a strange scene in the Temple Church, from the hour when the patriarch sprinkled the "holy water" on the pillars, to the day when the knights took the last view of their sanctuary in 1311. Even the reception of a new member must have been peculiarly impressive, performed as it was in the dead of night, with the blood-red crosses reflecting the gleam of many tapers, and the tones of the Templar's vow alone breaking the deep silence. Often has the Chapter met here, to listen, with breathless interest, to an almost obliterated despatch from Palestine, telling of Jerusalem lost or won; of brilliant victories, or terrible defeats. The church, too, was the place where penances of the lighter kind were inflicted. Think of a church turned into a whipping-room! yet in this "Round" many an erring novice or knight has received the lash, soundly laid on by some more righteous brother. To make the proceeding more pleasant, or more impressive, the time selected was often a Sunday morning.

How did the Temple and its church pass from the knights to the lawyers? About the beginning of the fourteenth century, Philip IV. of France stirred up the enemies of the Templars to accuse them, not only of heresy but of blasphemy, and of the most improbable crimes. Some not only charged the knights with trampling on the cross; but with adoring the image of a cat! Nothing like sensational lies for the superstitious; the wild story was believed by many, Edward II. of England joined in the outcry, hoping to share the plunder, and in the year 1312 the Pope was terrified into suppressing the order. Many of the vast estates went to the rival order, the Knights Hospitallers; but the London Temple, after passing through many hands, was granted by Edward III. to the professors of English law. Thus the sword of the knight yielded to the robe of the advocate,

and through all succeeding ages the Inner and Middle Temples have been the colleges and homes of English lawyers.

The church has had one or two narrow escapes from destruction. Wat Tyler's mob hated pens, ink, and paper as ruinous to a state, and therefore heartily abhorred the lawyers. "The poor fools" set fire to a part of the Temple in June, 1381, destroyed parchments and books, but did not burn the church, being probably somewhat fatigued with the destruction of the adjoining Savoy Palace, and perhaps a little frightened by the murder of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Still more imminent was the peril of the ancient pile when the great fire of London swept through the Temple, stopping close to the church walls. But, though the building escaped the flames, it could not stay the deforming hands of a low and uncultivated taste. The rich devices of the ancient roof were, in the sixteenth and following centuries, covered with whitewash! The marble pillars and walls were treated in the same artistic manner, and as the unfortunate walls looked rather cold after the whitewashing, they were nicely covered up with wainscoting to the height of eight feet. The tessellated floor was carefully hidden beneath two hundred cart-loads of earth, over which lay vulgar slabs of common gravestones. The ancient "Round" was separated from the nave by a cozy screen and organ gallery. Was not all this thoroughly orthodox and comfortable? But what restored the church to its pristine beauty? Simply better education and a purer taste. The Inner and Middle Temples expended upwards of £70,000 in removing the defacements of ignorance and remedying the decays of time. The year 1868 shows the pile substantially as it stood when Henry III. and his nobles attended the consecration of the nave.

The names of Hooker and Goldsmith are too closely connected with the Temple Church, to be entirely passed over. Hooker preached from this pulpit the principles afterwards enforced in his great work, the "Ecclesiastical Polity;" and Goldsmith found a grave under the shadow of the church wall. Our space will admit of a few remarks only on each.

Most readers know that Mr. Richard Hooker was born at Heavitree, Exeter, in 1553, educated in the newly-founded college of Corpus Christi, Oxford, where his rooms are still shown; and that he was chosen master of the Temple in 1585. Few are ignorant that he resigned this office in 1591, to find more leisure for completing the "Ecclesiastical Polity," in the rectory of Boscum, near Salisbury. The first four books of the work were published in 1594, and in the next year Hooker left Boscum for Bishop's Bourne, near Canterbury, where he died, and was buried in the year 1600.

Hooker is now known only by his once famous "Ecclesiastical Polity." What is the book about? some may courageously ask. It is simply a moderate and learned defence of the Church of England, written by a man who could free his understanding from extreme views, and treated the most violent opponents with courtesy and even gentleness. His words will best illustrate his character: "Three words spoken in meekness and charity will have a more blessed reward than three thousand volumes writ with disdainful sharpness of wit."

This calm balance of judgment and noble placidity, have won for Hooker the enduring title of "the judicious." What connection has the "Polity" with the Temple Church? The reader will remember that Hooker preached in the morning to the Templars, but the afternoon lecturer was Mr. Walter Travers, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and chaplain to Lord Burghley. Now Mr. Travers objected to bishops, liturgies, and surplices; so it fell out that the morning sermons pointed to Canterbury, and the afternoon to Geneva.

Archbishop Whitgift thought to hush the dispute by taking the preaching licence from Mr. Travers; but this made matters worse. The storm waxed louder and louder; Hooker, not being able to prepare his full argument in such a tempest, resigned his mastership and retired to Boscum. We very much fear, however, that even here the "Polity" was not always composed in a sublime calm. The divine had a wife; she possessed a waspish temper, and thought little of ordering Richard to rock the cradle, when the servant was busy. The dear, good, and too easy man would sometimes obey, jogging the cradle with his foot, while his hand drove the pen. There's a contrast! Hooker in the Temple pulpit, and Hooker rocking the cradle. Thus the morning sermons in the Temple Church, between the years 1585 and 1591, may be regarded as the rough drafts of the "Ecclesiastical Polity."

We do not expect that in these times, when books march forth by legions, we shall induce many readers to study this once famous work. The man of taste will still be struck with the beauty and majesty of passages in the first book, though the topics of modern controversy, and new modes of treatment, may tend to keep Hooker's work to the libraries of students. The principles laid down in the "Polity" are, however, applicable

to some of the most exciting ecclesiastical disputes of the present day. As the Temple Church may be deemed the birthplace of a great work in English literature, it is to be regretted that the bust of Hooker in the church is the only visible memento of one whose name was formerly as famous in the Vatican as in London. Hare Court, with Johnson's and Goldsmith's Buildings, remind us of a lawyer, a man of letters, and a poet; but the visitor looks in vain for the name of Hooker on some of the many vantage spaces near the church.

From the author of the "Ecclesiastical Polity" to the writer of "The Vicar of Wakefield" is a long stride. The words, "Oliver Goldsmith," may be read on a large gravestone on the north side of the church, and Goldsmith's Buildings, close by, remind all of the strange man of genius, who ranked as the friend, pet, and butt of Johnson. Why was the poet buried here? He resided towards the close of life in the Temple, and became known to many who pitied his follies while they respected his kindness and genius. The poet's last home was at No. 2, Brick Court, Middle Temple, his chambers being immediately over those of Mr. Blackstone, then a student, afterwards judge, and author of the famous "Commentaries on the Laws of England." The spring sun of 1774 was beginning to shine brightly on the dial in Brick Court, when a slow fever, partly produced by ceaseless anxiety, was rapidly wearing out the life of Goldsmith. On the 4th of April in that year men saw the windows of his room closed, and knew that the author of "The Deserted Village" was dead, at the age of forty-five. If many blamed his want of purpose, his undue love of ease, his vanity and little self-control, yet all appreciated the wide sympathy and simplicity, like that of a child, which marked his character. Few may agree with Crabbe's estimate, that

"Never mortal left this world of sin  
More like the infant that he entered in,"

but many will admit that the associate of Johnson, Burke, and Reynolds must have combined moral qualities with surprising genius.

Thus the Temple Church brings before us the enthusiasm of ancient knighthood, the majesty of law superseding the power of the sword, the vestment and ritual disputes of the sixteenth century, and the peculiar struggles of a man of genius.



## JACOB AND ESAU:

TYPES OF THE SPIRITUAL AND CARNAL MAN.



LOOKING at the story of Jacob and Esau, in the matter of the birthright and the blessing (Gen. xxv. 29—34; xxvii. 30—35), from a human standpoint, we cannot feel pleased with the conduct of the former. How unlike a brother to ask for anything in return for a mere "mess of pottage" to satisfy the biting cravings of hunger. And to ask for the birthright! What profound selfishness! And to ask for it at such a time! Here is something like Satan's asking the Messiah to change stones into bread when he was "an hungred" after his fast of forty days—conduct displaying a most ungenerous and cunning craftiness.

Then, in the case of the blessing, though he knew he would be doing wrong, he yielded to his mother's persuasion, and carried out her deceitful scheme. Here is a wilful sin deliberately committed against the warning voice of an unwilling conscience. And worse still—he openly lied to his blind father Isaac. Deaf to the additional warning given him by the recognition of his voice by his father—"the voice is Jacob's voice; art thou my very son Esau?"—he persisted in affirming that he was his eldest son Esau.

We have thus in Jacob's character the following catalogue of faults: selfishness; unloving and unlovely craftiness and deceitfulness; despising of conscience; untruth. From this point of view, therefore, we should conclude that he was anything but a good man.

Viewed from the same ground, Esau stands out well. A simple-minded, open-hearted young man; free as the air, "a cunning hunter, a man of the field;" his father's pride, for whom he delighted "to take venison" with his "weapons—quiver and bow."

We feel for him in his distress. We pity him, as with a loud wail he cries out, "Bless me, even me also, O my father."

The sympathies of the natural heart reverse the Divine decree, "Jacob have I loved, and Esau have I hated" (Rom. ix. 13; Mal. i. 1, 2).

But let us look at the two men from a new stand-point—as they stand in relation to God and God's plans. Esau's mind and heart are "set on things on the earth." The world, the temporal, are all he concerns himself about. He is "of the earth, earthy." Let him enjoy his sport, feed and clothe him, and he is content. Man, as made "in the image of God;" man, as a spiritual being capable of holding communion with the heavenly and the divine; man, as intended by God for a higher and nobler stage of existence than the

present, is a being totally unknown to, undreamt of, by Esau. All divine and spiritual things were far above his thoughts and affections. He walked by sight, not by faith. As the eldest son, he must have known that, after his father's death, the conduct of Divine worship would devolve upon him; that he should be, as it were, the priest of the family; and that, as such, it would be his duty and privilege to direct men's thoughts to the great promise, which separated the seed of Abraham from and elevated it above all other races of men—the promise that was made to Abraham after that mysterious transaction, the sacrifice of Isaac, on Mount Moriah—viz., "In thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed" (Gen. xxii. 18). Though he could not have been a stranger to this, he never entered into the inner meaning of it. He could not by a spiritual gaze through the vista of ages discern the "form of the Son of Man"—the blessing of the nations. He did not, like Abraham, "see the day of Christ." It never struck him that God might intend *him* to be a link in the chain which was to end in the "desire of all nations"—Jesus Christ.

He was too gross, too material, to receive and to respond to God's call. He had no soil in which God's gifts might grow, and from which they might be dispensed to others. A man who lived in and for the present, as having nothing to do with the ages to come—such was Esau, and so he "sold his birthright." The very thing which he ought to have valued most, as linking him to the Eternal and the Divine, this "he despised." No wonder St. Paul should call him a "profane person." No wonder God rejected and hated him.

Of what use was such a man to carry out God's plan for the education and salvation of the world? The "blessing" would have been useless in his hands; nay, he would ere long have sold it as he did his birthright.

But, as it always happens, when a man despises one of God's gifts, and deliberately sets it aside, he loses another which he would fain retain. God's gifts to the soul are sister graces; and if one is wilfully parted with, the others will depart whether we will or no.

Esau *sold* his birthright. He *lost* the blessing. Vain his tears, vain his bitter cry; the sister grace—blessing—followed the birthright which he had so profanely sold. They now dwelt with a man who would value them. *Value* them. Herein lies the difference between the two men. Jacob could enter into God's plans. He would

try to understand the mind of God; what he purposed to do, what he wished *him* to do, in order to bring about the fulfilment of the promise: "In thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." Jacob was a spiritual man; a man of faith, a man of the future. He looked upwards and forwards, and taught others to do the same. God might trust such a man with a revelation. He had a spirit to converse with God, a mind to lay hold of his promises, a heart to love him for his holiness and his love, a will strong to execute his commands at all cost. The very selfishness and deceit which he showed in obtaining the birthright and the blessing, were a proof of the great value which he set upon them. He reminds us of the Great Teacher's words: "Be wise as serpents." "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force" (Matt. xi. 12).

These blessings brought him into an *intimate relationship with God*. Is it to be wondered at, that when he found his brother's dulness of appreciation, he should covet his privileges? Nay, knowing as we do that his mother, whose favourite son he was, had been told by God that "the elder should serve the younger," and that she would, as a matter of course, hint at this to him, does it not seem to us that he was almost morally bound to endeavour to rescue them from his brother's profane indifference and contempt?

Without doubt, Jacob is the true heir to the promise; the man for God to employ to carry out his plans; the man to be the ancestor of the Messiah. It is God's

"— righteous doom, that meek, true-hearted Love  
The everlasting birthright should receive;  
Isaac's fond blessing may not fall on scorn."

But it might be objected: "Then God approves of our doing evil that good may come." It is quite true that, in the matter before us, God so

controlled events that they ended in the good of the world: but it is not true that God approved of Jacob's mode of obtaining the birthright and the blessing. It was radically wrong for the man of faith to employ the method of the man who walks by sight; for the spiritual man to use "carnal weapons" in a spiritual cause. And his after-life would seem to show that he was made to feel that he had acted wrongly. No sooner is the blessing secured, than his troubles begin. Henceforth his life is full of sorrow, suffering, and unrest. Deceived, persecuted, bowed down with grief at his sons' crimes, his daughter's shame, the loss of his wives, and the long absence of Joseph, he wails out a bitter confession before the King of Egypt: "Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been."

Consciously or unconsciously, he confirmed the truth of that great moral law: "Be sure your sin will find you out." "Verily there is a God that judgeth the earth."

But on the whole, Jacob's heart was right with God; and God was with him. Who can forget the ladder, and the angels, and the God of Bethel? "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him."

Who can forget Jacob's return from Padan-aram, when he was met by angels; and when, after a whole night's wrestling with that mysterious "Man," he obtained a blessing, and the new name of Israel—Prince with God? Jacob was one of God's heroes; a pattern worthy of men's attentive study and imitation. In his sufferings, he is indeed a warning to us, never to do even the slightest wrong to secure the greatest good. But the chief lesson of his life is, the pre-eminence of a spiritual and religious mind; a mind which "seeks first the kingdom of God and his righteousness;" sets heaven above earth; God before man; the eternal before the temporal.

## A WORD UPON BEING LAZY.

BY THE REV. W. M. STATHAM.

**W**HAT a picture Solomon gives us of the neglected farm of a Hebrew householder! All the historical associations of the scene are thoroughly Eastern. In the beautiful early light of morning, the wise man goes by the home of the slothful. There, in the curtained chamber, is the dull, leaden sleeper, turning from side to side, his life wasted in repose, his senses soddened with sleep. The sun is shining, the birds are singing, the great world is awake and active in its many forms of duty, and he, condemned by the very beasts, which know their time of rising and

resting, still, in densest idleness, slumbers on. While he sleeps, however, we can take a look at the ravelled curtains of his window above, and can peep through the broken wall! We see the nettles uprising between the chinks in the yard pavement, the stone crumbling in decay, the vine dragging on the ground, and a tangled mass of weeds and thorns covering the ruinous enclosure. There is, it will be noticed, in this picture of Solomon's, another form stalking along to the dismal dwelling-place—viz., rude, gaunt, hollow-eyed Want, nearing, by steady but sure degrees, the scene. "Poverty cometh as one that travelleth."

Laziness has done it all. We might, indeed, look for ripening clusters of grapes, and, above all, for waving fields of grain; for all the world over man lives by bread, and accordingly, the corn of wheat is adapted to every climate and to every soil.

The field or vineyard needed, as we say, hedging or fencing, for Eastern grapes grow somewhat like our English hops; neglected, they are quickly trodden under foot alike of man and beast. A fenceless vineyard soon becomes a scene of dilapidation and disgrace, instead of a picture of plenty and beauty. So man makes or mars his lot; so the diligent hand maketh rich, and the lazy sleeper loseth even bread. Thus, while the sluggard is indulging in his sloth, an inspired etching has been taken of the scene while he slumbers, that we may learn from a faithful picture taken through the gap of a broken wall.

Will it be too much to suggest that laziness is no uncommon sin? Not that industry, in and of itself, is a virtue. There is much earnestness misdirected, and much arduous effort directed to that which is positively evil. Love to Christ ought to be the motive of all labour; so that, whether we eat or drink, get or give, we may do all to the glory of God. But if industry by and of itself is no virtue, laziness is unquestionably a vice. We are apt to criticise rather severely Eastern habits and customs, and to speak of the Turk reclining upon his ottoman as the symbol of a laziness which does not belong to us. I question, however, despite these criticisms on Asiatics and Turks, if laziness is not one of the great vices of our land. "What!" you say, "consider this busy, enterprising, active age; this age so full of discoveries in science and applications of those discoveries in practical ways; this age of eager competition and energetic hasting to be rich!" Yes, sloth is to be seen all around us in Britain, and that in many of its worst forms. How many fail in life from want of persevering effort, and hang on to anybody who will help to hold them up; men who start well, and, in a year or two, take to morning "refreshers," and to the shifting of hard duties on others. It was told me the other day by a settler that, in his country, every man tries as soon as may be to become a "boss"—a very peculiar title for master. That the settler may lean over the fence and look on whilst others do the handiwork, is not, however, equivalent to laziness; for he would have to use his brain, and probably find an experience of the fact that worry is harder than work.

No greater mistake can be made than that of those who constantly speak of the working classes as though handicraft was the hardest work. Brain work against back work, say I, for hardness, all the world over. Nor can any thoughtful observer

doubt that laziness is the sin of all classes, and certainly of the poor as well as the rich. Most of the misery of the poor in all parishes comes from pure sloth. Some people smile at the Eastern picture of the women carrying the water-pots and other heavy burdens, but it is manifestly true in many cases amongst the poor that the fathers spend their money in drink and their evenings in idleness, leaving the women-folk the hard work of home. Think of the hundreds of thousands of men who, in our great cities alone, spend their hours when off duty in the alehouse, when they might be recreating their minds by some new form of activity, or easing home-burdens by lending a helping hand in some household cares and duties. All that dense drugging of the brain, all that lolling about of the body, induces sensual sloth, till human life becomes scarcely more than an animal existence. What are nine hours out of the day spent in work (and I hope no one looking at a London bricklayer, for instance, will call that *exhausting* labour), while the rest of the time apart from sleep is given over to mere lazy indulgence? Any one can see the relation of all this to religion. What chance has the Gospel when Sunday finds the home untidy, the garments unready, and the whole surroundings unhealthy?

The amount which the people spend in unnecessary indulgences is sufficient to feed, clothe, and educate the whole mass of the needy. With a population like ours, well provided with spheres of toil, there need be little want, were it not for this awful and amazing sloth. Sloth, then, is a sin, and not an uncommon sin—a sin of the rich and of the poor, a sin by which the higher nature becomes deadened, and the resources which God has surrounded us with, perverted and wasted.

Laziness is always a growing and deepening evil. It creeps over us like the lichen on the tree-trunk, like the ivy on the oak. It leads, in the end, to the loss of character and of reputation. We sleep in the lap of Delilah, and then our locks are shorn off. Those who do little work, come in a very brief time to do still less; whilst any one who knows anything of men must see that, if you want a thing done well, you must get it done by those who have already their hands pretty full. They economise time, order their arrangements, and husband their energies. It is not physical weakness that we suffer from, so much as physical perversion; we load the senses with chains. The lazy are always in a difficulty, whatever you may do for them. They lose the start. They are always shovelling away at the Augean stable of neglected duty, but can never clear their work. Moreover, they stand directly in the way of their own advancement; they neglect that work in the course of daily duty which is the best preparation for opportunities to come. As Ruskin suggests, it

is not that there are too many efficient men waiting for places, but places are ever waiting for efficient men. Laziness sees the tide come up which only rises once or twice in a lifetime, and, instead of taking it at the flood, only mourns that the boat wants caulking and fitting to be ready for sea.

Laziness is not only an immoral, it is an un-Christian thing. We all of us ought to redeem the time. Our little day will soon be over. Ploughs of duty are all ready for us to put our hand to. The spade is ready for us to dig some channel for the living waters of the Gospel to flow in to other hearts and homes. Surely we ought to remember that we are "not our own;" that to be lazy beneath the motive power of the Cross is the worst infidelity to Christ. We know what the great Lord of the harvest thinks of the slothful servant; he has left us in no manner of doubt concerning that. Nor can we miss the lesson of his own divinely active life. In him mercy found, not only the fountain in which it springs, but the active channel through which it flows. He went about doing good. "I must be about my Father's business" was an utterance which breathed the whole spirit of his life. There ought to be in us all that Bishop Hall calls a "fulfilling our course;" not like Hezekiah's sun, which went backwards, nor like Joshua's sun, which stood still, but like David's sun, which "rejoiced as a giant to run a race."

Laziness is a dangerous and infectious thing. It tells on others. Let fathers and mothers look to this. Precept is of no use without practice. If our children are to be energetic, earnest, and successful—and what parent is there worthy of the name who does not wish to see his children occupying a higher position than he does himself?—then let them see that our ideas of providence are not puerile ones about sitting still and waiting, but rather of getting up and working. Let them see that we are alive to duty, and alive to duty for Christ. Carlyle says, "Think of living. It is no idle dream—it is thine own—it is all thou hast to front eternity with. Work, then, like a star, unobscured, yet unobscured." Yes! laziness soon affects our children, our neighbours, and our friends; and so does activity. How soon children catch the infectious influence of work, and love to have their little hand in it! What a crime it will be to let lazy, sluggish habits on our part affect their future history!

Laziness is often created by difficulties and disheartenings. We are in danger of giving up because of trials. The child begins to stitch the canvas better than she finishes it; the artist tires; the student's attention wearies. We go cheerily to the battle; but the conflict and the crowd dishearten us! As it is in the world, so

it is in religion. After all, we are so often discovering the evils of our own heart—so often cast down in the most earnest conflict, that we by degrees become slack in well-doing. "Ye did run well; what doth hinder?" Some difficult irregular verb stops the boy in his Greek, and he begins to copy from the next form boy—and so loses his progress and his power. So some spiritual difficulty affects us. We give way to a fit of passion or a fit of temper, and we say, "Alas! it is of no use trying." So laziness creeps over our best endeavours after the divine life; and we ask and receive not, because we ask idly and amiss.

Laziness has many masks of virtue. We are sure to be deceived by every sin if we listen to it. "Oh," says the deceitful heart, "take care of the danger of over-zeal." "Oh," says the proverb, "too much haste overshoots the mark." "Oh," says the fair Prudence, "take care of the brain." But has not a recent physician told us that softening of the brain oftener comes from laziness than labour? At times we are tempted to think that the philosophy of "let be" is more in harmony with beautiful ideas of Providence than the philosophy of doing the best you can. In this case the Bible can answer for itself, and we need not doubt what the issue will be; for there are hundreds of texts enjoining diligence in all matters—social, civil, and religious.

Slothfulness casteth into a deep sleep, and the sooner we are aroused from the first nap the better, especially as we are in a world where all around us there are calls to work, and to work while it is called to-day. The Christian cannot slumber on without forfeiting one of the foremost resemblances which he should bear to the great Master. It was his meat and his drink to do his Father's will. "I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day." Work, hard and earnest work, is the lot of all Christ's disciples. By this I do not mean the outward show and seeming of work, but self-sacrificing spiritual consecration to Christ's great cause, in whatever sphere God's providence may have placed us.

Laziness grows on people till even to tie a shoe-string becomes a toil. Some people have had, in the after-time of some great tribulations, to thank God for renewed calls to duty heard through the bugle-notes of necessity. They had fallen into a sleep of self-indulgence, from which sharp battles with the world aroused them. And it may be that, in the great spiritual fold of the Church, hard battles with superstition, scepticism, and sin still await us, which, by their very intensity of strife, will arouse from their torpor those who cannot watch with Christ one hour, and whom the blessed Master always finds sleeping.





(Drawn by F. M. WIMPERIS.)

"Read me the lines that lie  
Along that sunset sky."—p. 874.

## A REVERIE.

**R**EAD me the lines that lie  
 Along that sunset sky,  
 O Thought! its living characters unfold.  
 Tell me the wondrous things  
 Trac'd, as with angels' wings,  
 Across that broad, far-stretching scroll of gold.

Show me their meaning deep!  
 Unlock, as from a sleep,  
 The sacred tomes—the book that few can read.  
 We read, but not aright:  
 Scarce flasheth on our sight  
 The untold Love that fain would fill our need.

What, though the ash-trees spread  
 Their canopies o'erhead,  
 And raise their draped arms to screen the sky—  
 By contrast they are dark!  
 The eye would only mark  
 Those sunset clouds, suggesting musings high.

Here, like the chequer'd Past,  
 Twin'd, lacing branches cast  
 Their curious shadows o'er our path the while.  
 And soft the sunset falls  
 On gray and crumbling walls,  
 More lovely 'neath Time's frown than 'neath his smile.

Ah me! when friends depart,  
 Not all at once the heart  
 Recovers from its inner shock and strain  
 To seek out new: but lo!  
 Should they around it flow,  
 Love is not new—it is the old again!

The power, from darkness brought,  
 That flashes thought for thought,  
 And speeds the ship across the stormy deep  
 With swiftly-ploughing keel,  
 And turns blind Fortune's wheel,  
 Is not new-born, but wak'd from ages' sleep.

Ah me! who leaveth not  
 The dear old haunted spot—  
 The clump of trees—the wayside hut or stone—  
 With sadder, fonder heart  
 Than ever he will part,  
 In after-years, from beauty newly known?

The clear blue hills that rise  
 Sheer up to childhood's skies—  
 The village church-bell—faces of old times—  
 Say, loves not life to keep  
 Their memories far more deep  
 Than classic lay, or stately minster's chimes?

The sunset glory fades—  
 The calm grey night's deep shades  
 O'er earth their mantle solemnly have cast—  
 But o'er its ancient track  
 The light shall struggle back,  
 And dawn shall blush again when night is past.

Lighten our darkness, Lord!  
 Deliverance accord  
 From perils and all dangers of this night.  
 And when Death's night is past,  
 Oh! bid us wake at last  
 With Thee, for His dear sake whose love is light!

A. B.

## A BRAVE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DEEPDALE VICARAGE," "MARK WARREN," ETC. ETC.

## CHAPTER LXV.

## ONE MORE VICTIM, AND THE LAST.

**H**ARLEY had gone to bed, and Harold sat reading in his little parlour. It was a dark night, and rainy, and the doors were fastened. No visitors were likely to come at that hour. All at once, a knocking was heard. Then the bolt was withdrawn, and there glided into Harold's presence, Lady Sylvester!

He got up surprised, and a little alarmed. She went up to him; she, who had scarce deigned to breathe the air he breathed, laid her hand upon his arm.

"You must come with me," she cried, in a half-suffocated tone. "Alice is dying!"

"Dying!"

He did not realise the force of the expression, though it stunned him.

"Yes; come! come!" she repeated, with a wildness that terrified him. "See, I implore you!" for she fancied that he hesitated, and she did not under-

stand, in the least, the nature of Harold Blake. "I, who have never knelt to any one, kneel to you, and beseech of you to come!"

He raised her gently. She had sunk on her knees before him. He was more affected than he had ever been in his life.

"Dear Lady Sylvester," he said, scarce able to speak for agitation, "I will go with you."

He raised her, but she sank again, and knelt, her head bowed to the earth. She might have been praying, and I think she was.

He left her there, a moment, while he made a few hurried arrangements. When they were completed, he went back to her. She was still kneeling, where he had left her. She was uttering suppressed ejaculations. She was saying, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" He spoke to her, in that soothing tone that was habitual to Harold Blake. She got up hastily, and drew her shawl round her. He took her hand, and led her to the hired carriage that stood at the door. She leaned on him, as if for support. Yes; on him, Harold Blake!

During the ride, she sat with clasped hands, and uttered not a word, if we except once, when she bowed down her head, and covered her face. Again I think she was praying!

Let her pray; let the hard heart dissolve in grief and penitence. The sins of a lifetime have been visited on her head to-day!

He did not try to speak to her. His own heart was rent with a mighty sorrow. But there was, unconsciously, a kind of link established between these two, who had been so long apart. From time to time, he gave her a look of sympathy, and she did not resent it. When the carriage stopped, she took his arm, and leaned on him; nay, she almost clung to him. Who was the strong one now, and who was the weak?

They alighted at the Grange. How silent and solemn it was! No one was there to meet them. Only a twinkling light shone in one solitary window. It was the window of Alice's room.

When a nature fortified by iron resolution and indomitable pride once begins to succumb, there is danger of prostration. Lady Sylvester had almost reached that point, as she entered the Grange. She was exhausted by mere physical fatigue. If hope be withdrawn she will fail; and hope is but catching at a straw.

Oh, to bring back but one fraction of the dread, irrevocable past!—one solitary fragment to stand between her and this overwhelming sorrow. On it she would build a new life; carry out new purposes. Ah! were it not too late.

She knew what she had done. Conscience had been ringing the changes in her ears all through the solitary day. She had killed her daughter!

Were there not victims enough, it asked, to the great Sylvester dignity, that she need let this one perish? Who was she, it demanded—a worm of the earth—a poor fallen child of Adam, the inheritor of sin and death, that she should be thus exalted? Let her lie low in the dust. Let the proud head be bowed, the lofty looks be humbled.

This is a sorrow that a lifetime cannot heal; a desolation too vast to be repaired. The whole dynasty of Sylvesters cannot atone for this.

But there was hope, she thought. Love is stronger than death; and these two had loved. Oh, let love do its utmost to recall the fluttering spirit back. Let him speak to her—when she hears him she will revive.

He did speak. He bent over her, and took the white hand in his. He said he was come to carry her away from here. He whispered again of home, security, and peace.

She heard him, and the eyelids quivered, and the hand gave a feeble pressure. But she could do no more. There came, even while they gazed at her—these two united in the bonds of a common sorrow—there came the final struggle. The tender heart that had been so racked for others' woes, ceased gradually to beat; the gentle spirit winged its way to a better and happier land.

Yes, even while they looked at her, she died!

## CHAPTER LXVI.

JOHN HUMPHREYS FINDS HIS WAY HOME.

WHEN John Humphreys had finished his prayer, he rose, and looked about him like a man who is not quite decided what course to adopt. His mind felt calm and composed, a kind of peace long unknown to him had stolen into his heart; oil had been poured on the troubled waters.

In this calmness and stillness certain inward convictions were heard to speak; a voice seemed to say, "This is the way, walk ye in it."

He began to feel assured what he ought to do; all doubt and hesitation vanished. He ought to return home. He thought of home, and wife, and all the ties that had once been so precious, and wept as he thought of them. But his tears were not now those of weakness; he was strong. No matter what he might meet with on his return, his resolution was fixed; he had acted out a timid and sinful policy, and God had punished him. Now he would look his trouble in the face, and meet it like a man. Far better for him, had he done so from the first.

His resolve was quickly carried into action; there was no object in going back to Northwold, save just to say farewell to the woman who had been kind to him; this done, he would set off at once for Newbury.

How to get there he hardly knew. He had no money, he had sold, not pawned, his watch, and it could not be available a second time. A vista of weary miles rose up, between him and Rachel. Well, be it so! That Divine Power, which had saved him from destruction, and planted these better feelings within him, would surely sustain him to the end.

Good Mrs. Potts was watching for him at the door of her house; she had a kind of inkling as to what her husband had been about.

"So you've got work; well, I thought as much," she began to say, for the lodger's face was more cheerful than it had been this long time.

"No, I haven't," said John Humphreys, smiling.

"Ah, well, never mind!" She was a little disappointed, too, and she heard Jacob's hammer stop, as if he were listening.

"I haven't," continued John, still briskly, "and what's more, I don't mean to try for any, in these parts. The fact is, I'm going home!"

The words bounded from his mouth almost before he was aware.

"Home!" and a fulness of womanly sympathy and interest flushed into her face, and she sunk her voice to a whisper: "then you've got a wife."

John's eyes glistened, but he did not speak.

"Ah, I see! I see! Poor thing!"

This expression referring exclusively to Rachel.

He put out his hand and shook hers cordially.

"God bless you!" said he, in a smothered voice.

"Thank you, and I hope he'll forgive you," replied Mary Potts.

She thought he had deserted his wife, and was going back to her. In fact, a touching little history unfolded itself to the imagination of Mrs. Potts.

When the leave-taking was over, and it did not last long, John Humphreys set out on his journey. The days were gone by when he could whisk along the country at his ease, without care or thought for the future. Quite a different state of things had to be encountered now; if ever he reached home at all, it must be on foot.

He began slowly to drift towards Newbury; slowly, because his actual necessities had to be supplied; not by begging—he would never stoop to that, but by obtaining chance bits of employment on the way. When employment was not to be had, he suffered positive hunger.

Still, with all his hindrances and privations, he gradually approached his journey's end. And then, how did his heart begin to palpitate, with a variety of emotions, as he thought of Rachel!

He was very weary. He was so travel-stained, so haggard, so foot-sore, that no one would have recognised him as the spruce, light-hearted John Humphreys of other days.

He crept painfully into the town, under shelter of the evening shadows. He had got back to Newbury, but what then?

He had no one to thank but himself that he was returning thus. His own cowardice, his own impatience, too, had done the mischief. And how did he know what the extent of the mischief might be? How did he know, whether he should find Rachel? A great trembling seized him at the thought: Rachel—deserted, abandoned to all the tortures of suspense—might have sunk under her troubles—might have died! Yes, he might find his home desolate!

He had turned his steps towards his mother's house. He felt, instinctively, that this would be Rachel's refuge. As he walked up the street, his limbs shook beneath him. Once or twice, he stopped and leaned against the wall. At such moments he would look earnestly upwards, and clasp his hands together. He was praying that he might find Rachel!

See, there is a twinkling light in the window—a light that seems put there to guide him home. He hurries towards it, and then again he stops. That sickening dread is at his heart!

The blind was not down, nor the curtains closed.

He approached, still trembling, and looked into the room. A solitary woman sat by the fire. She was in deep mourning, and her face was buried in her hands.

For a moment, he thought he should have fallen, and the solid earth seemed to reel. Then, he composed himself, and looked again.

Yes, it was Rachel. Rachel, but how changed! How furrowed, how worn, the face that is lifted up! How sad, how solitary she is! What a wreck he has made her! Yet, thank God, it is Rachel!

He never knew, with any exactness, what happened during the next few moments; but he was in the house, and Rachel was in his arms!

At first she cried out with a kind of terror. She did not know him, in that uncertain light, and her nerves were sadly shaken; but when he spoke, oh! then came a gush of joy to the desolate heart—then

came a sense of security, of gladness, of freedom! No matter how changed he was, how fallen, how like an outcast—a vagabond; no matter anything, so she could hold him in her arms, and feel assured that he had come back.

When he asked her to forgive him, when he told her of his deep penitence and sorrow, she did not answer except by tears. She had drawn the poor, tired head on to her kind bosom. She had made him feel, from the first, that whoever might reproach him, she would not. Very sweet were these few blissful moments of reunion!

But after a time, he roused himself. He knew what he had to do. There was a fearful question in his eyes. The old haunting terror came back. She saw it, and she smiled.

"Dear John, you need not think of that," she said, tenderly. And then she told him how mercifully Providence had dealt with them both, and how all his suspense and separation might have been spared. And as she said it, she wept for joy, and so did he. And he knelt down, and in the fulness of his heart returned thanks to God.

With that burden removed, how clear, how easy seemed the path before him! How he would strain every nerve to redeem the past!

There was another question that it would be more difficult to answer.

Every now and then he had glanced round with a look of expectation. He had stopped to listen for some familiar footstep. It had been on his lips to say, "Where is my mother?"

Now he did say it, and a little impatiently. He wondered she did not come. And as Rachel hesitated, he got up, repeating the words, "Where is my mother?"

Then, all at once he guessed it—all at once the expression of Rachel's face, her black dress, her solitary condition, her silence, told him the story. He knew, as by a quick, vivid intuition, that his mother was dead.

It was a blow that struck him to the very heart. It was a catastrophe, the result of his own misdoings. He had broken his mother's heart—he had brought down her grey hairs with sorrow to the grave!

## CHAPTER LXVII.

### RE-UNION.

THE chink of the hammer and the noise of the carpenters' tools were heard on the site of the old house on the common. The old house itself had been demolished—and time it was, so said the little world of Newbury.

Yet at this very moment, a Sylvester stands looking on the pretentious dwelling that is being reared on the spot where his race so long held ruin at bay. A Sylvester, on whom much depended at one time, and whose hopes were high. Now, he is shorn of all his grandeur, and treads the rugged highway of the world on foot.

There is an expression of sadness in his face as he gazes; but it is not born of any regret for the ancient



splendour of his house. No, it is a sadness of contrition—one might call it remorse.

By-and-by, you will see him in a quiet country churchyard, not far from here; a place where the Sylvesters lie buried under marble tombstones, and seem as if, even in death, they could scarce shake off their pretentiousness. He is not thinking of them, or if he is, it is only with anger. He is kneeling by a grave, with a simple headstone, and on it is engraven the name, "Alice Sylvester."

And as he kneels, he says, in the bitterness of his soul, "We have killed her—yes, we, the Sylvesters!"

By that grave, he makes a vow, and it is registered on high. He will, God's grace assisting, be a humble hardworking Christian man; he will shake off, once and for all, the trammels of his race; he will up and be doing in this world, so full of enterprise and action. And, it may be, he lifts up his eyes as he thinks it, to the calm summer heaven; it may be, that he and the dear one for whom he weeps, may be united in a better land than this. For she is not lost, but gone before!

It was quite a country churchyard, as I told you. It lay out of the noisy track of life, under the shadow of the ivy-covered steeple, and great trees bent reverently over it. He lingered, to enjoy the silence and the deep repose. His days had been full of turmoil and unrest, he had had no space for recollection, or for communion with his God. It seemed good for him to be here!

As he lingered, there came a soft rustling sound, and some one was approaching. He thought then that he would go; he was in no mood for interruption; his hour of peace had ended.

Scarcely had he thought so, when the sound came nearer. It was that of a soft garment rustling on the grass. Some woman, perhaps, who had come, like him, to mourn over the dead. He turned to look, impelled by a feeling of kindred interest. There stood Josephine Graham!

Yes, Josephine! And they two were alone, close by the grave of Alice.

He was violently agitated. He had not seen her since the day he bought her picture. He had her picture now; he had cherished it, through all the wreck and ruin.

How passionately his heart clung to her! How tumultuously every pulse was stirred at the sight of that sweet face, mournful but calm! How conscience-stricken, how remorseful he felt! How bitterly he yearned to undo the past, to bring back that happy time when he might say to Josephine, "My love—my love!"

He dare not say it; he was afraid even to look her in the face.

She was calmer than he was, though the surprise made her heart beat convulsively. She loved this solitary spot, and had been wont to come there, never thinking to encounter Raymond.

She had heard his history, to the minutest point. She had seen the old fabric, he had struggled so to sustain, go to ruin. She knew how the Newbury

world exulted over the humbling of the Sylvesters; but she did not exult. Oh, no! her nature was too generous, too pitiful. She had secretly wept over them!

Now, when she saw him, the man she loved, in his deep humiliation, and knew what he had suffered, and how bitter had been his experience, she felt her tears gush forth in her own despite; she turned away lest he should see them. But he did see them; he was by her side in a moment.

"Josephine, are those tears for me?"

She did not speak, she let him take her hand. Oh, was it possible! Could such a thing be, that in his loneliness and degradation, Josephine could yet love him?

He had nothing to offer her now. He had his way to work out of sheer poverty; his future was all uncertain; yet the first gleam of happiness stole into his mind, as he stood in this lonely spot with Josephine!

#### CONCLUSION.

THERE are no Sylvesters now in Newbury, the very name seems to have died out; the old Grange, their last refuge, has been pulled down, and not one stone has been left upon another. But if we look elsewhere, we shall find that the family is not without a representative.

Lord Lythwathie has a secretary in whom he places implicit confidence, and who is likely to be a rising man. His name is Raymond Sylvester.

Raymond lives in a pleasant villa with a garden, in which children's voices are heard continually, and his wife is named Josephine. There lives with him, too, a lady with snow-white hair, and a figure bent more with grief than with years; a humble, pious woman, whose pride lies buried in a grave at Newbury, and whose life is one act of penitence and prayer: this is Lady Sylvester.

John Humphreys is fast working his way to competence. His grief for his mother's death was deep and lasting; but he did not allow it to sap his energies. He is now renting a small farm, and in all probability will purchase it ere long; and Rachel looks as cheerful and as blithe as ever.

Francis Heatherly thought better of his proposed removal into Dorsetshire. In fact, he found the society of Albina too attractive. He is, now, quite a family man, and his blue-eyed children run about the old house in Gower Street, and make it as lively as you please.

Harold Blake is owner of the silk-mill, and is one of the most influential men in Newbury. Mr. Mapleson was carried off by his hereditary complaint, the gout, and left all his property to Harold. Harold lives in a handsome house, on the outskirts of the town; and devotes himself to his business, and to doing all the good he can. But he lives alone (for poor Charley died some time ago), and he is a thoughtful, some call him a melancholy, man. He will never marry, they say; he will keep faithful to the memory of Alice Sylvester.

THE END.

## UNCLE DAVID'S BUTTERFLIES.

**I**N a pretty hill in Devonshire, belted at its base with trees and bushes, stands a large white house, known to the inhabitants of the village as Rushbrook Grange. In this house lives Squire Rushbrook and his family, which consists of Mrs. Rushbrook and two little daughters, Maude and Amy.

Maude and Amy are the pets of all the villagers; especially Maude, whose gentle and amiable manners never fail to make her loved by rich or poor.

Never were two children fonder of each other than are Maude and Amy. If Amy is ever in disgrace with her parents, it is Maude who will plead for her little sister; it is Maude who is Amy's constant playmate, leaving her much-loved books at any moment when desired to join in Amy's favourite pastimes; and, in return, Amy is passionately attached to her sister, looking up to her almost as she does to her mamma.

Now on this particular day of which I am writing, great excitement prevailed in the little girls' minds, for Uncle David, who had just returned from India, and had come to live within a few minutes' walk of the Grange, had invited his little nieces to spend the afternoon with him.

Great speculations were rife as to whether Uncle David would be great or small, plain or handsome, kind or unkind, and it was therefore with no small delight that at the appointed hour the little girls set out on their way to their uncle's house.

When arrived there, Uncle David came out to the gate to welcome them, and after kissing them both, he took little Amy up in his arms and carried her to the house. Then he took them into the garden, and showed them such beautiful flowers, and such a pretty fountain; it made one feel quite cool to watch the jets of water dancing and sparkling in the bright, glaring sunlight. And then the fruit trees were laden with ripe, tempting fruit. Uncle David did not only show his nieces the pretty flowers and delicious fruit, but he also picked plenty of each for them, and better than all, let them help themselves. While thus pleasantly engaged, a lovely butterfly settled on a plant close to Amy, who immediately endeavoured to trap it by popping her hat over it, but Lady Butterfly was not thus easily to be gained, and, to Amy's sorrow, she flew off. Presently she lighted on another plant at a little distance, and Amy again tried to catch her, but without success. Amy's patience was by no means exhausted, and she commenced a chase, which proved to be of some length; but at last she brought back her captive in triumph. Maude and Uncle David both agreed that she was a splendid creature, and after they had sufficiently admired her, Uncle David told them that he

could show them butterflies ten times as beautiful as that one, that he had brought all the way from India with him, and had put in glass cases, on purpose to show to his friends.

Maude and Amy were delighted at the idea, and Amy was especially so, when her uncle told her that he would put her butterfly in one of the cases.

So Uncle David took them in-doors, and they had to go up to the very top room, which they found, as Uncle David had told them, filled with glass cases, containing butterflies, beetles, moths, and in short every variety of insects, of every size and colour. Maude and Amy had never before seen such pretty insects, and could scarcely believe it possible that there should be so many different kinds. They were very much amused at what Uncle David told them of the habits of these little creatures, and in this manner the time slipped by so very quickly, that they soon found they had come to the last case.

Finding that his little nieces were so interested, Uncle David told them he had one more case which he had not yet filled (and for that reason had not yet placed with the others), containing English butterflies and moths, and telling them he should be back in less than a minute, he quitted the room in order to fetch it.

But though Uncle David had said he would be back in less than a minute, he did not return till several had passed, for when he went down-stairs he found the housekeeper had a letter, which she was just about to bring him, and which required some little consideration before he could give the messenger who had brought it the required answer.

When Uncle David left the room Maude and Amy continued to look at the cases, Maude remaining before one in which she was particularly interested; and Amy, flying about the room very much like the butterflies themselves would have done had they been alive.

Suddenly Maude was startled by a crash, and on looking round she perceived to her dismay one of the cases lying on the floor, the glass smashed, and all the insects, of which her uncle was so proud, with their delicate wings and legs entirely broken and spoiled.

"Oh, Amy! how ever did you manage to break it?" exclaimed Maude. "What will uncle say?"

"I was trying to put my butterfly in," replied Amy; "Uncle David said it should go in one, and I saw a little place in this case just large enough, and I was pulling to get it open, and it fell down. Oh! what shall I do?" and Amy sat down on the floor and began to cry.

"There, never mind, Amy dear. I dare say uncle won't be very angry if I tell him how sorry you are."

At this moment Uncle David was heard returning, and Maude hastily dried Amy's tears.

When Uncle David entered the room, he looked at the broken case, and, turning to Maude, exclaimed, "How's this?"

"Oh, Uncle David!" exclaimed Maude, "please do not be very angry with me. I am so sorry for it:" for Maude, rather than her little sister should incur her uncle's displeasure, had determined to let him think that she was the culprit.

"You must have been extremely careless," was Uncle David's reply. "I thought you able to be trusted, but I find I was mistaken;" and turning to Amy, he exclaimed, "Here is the case I promised to show you, and this is the one your butterfly is to go in."

After they had looked at the case, Uncle David took them down-stairs, Amy holding his hand, and Maude following them.

Here they found the tea awaiting them, and the room was so delightfully cool, the window opened on to the lawn, and being almost covered with roses and honeysuckles, the perfume of the flowers was perfectly enchanting. But Maude, though she could not be quite insensible to the loveliness of the flowers and the refreshing shade, was anything but happy; she felt gloomy and miserable, and her self-inflicted sacrifice proved to be a much greater burden than she had supposed.

After tea, Uncle David showed them some beautiful pictures, and a great many curious things he had brought from India with him, and though he did not again mention the subject of the broken case, and seemed entirely to have forgotten it, still Maude could not feel at her ease again, and she felt sure her uncle must think she was a very tiresome little girl. Very thankful was she when the hour arrived at which their mamma had told them they must return, and it was with the utmost impatience she waited till the nurse arrived to fetch them.

Uncle David insisted on putting on Amy's pelisse and hat himself; and it tickled Amy's fancy immensely when he put on her hat the wrong way, and then asked her if that was right.

When they reached home Amy burst into the room where her papa and mamma were sitting, and began giving them a most animated account of the delights of the afternoon; but Mrs. Rushbrook, wondering at Maude's unusual silence, called her to her side, exclaiming, "Well, and how has my Maude enjoyed herself?"

To her surprise, Maude burst out crying, and when asked the reason, returned no answer. It was in vain her papa and mamma questioned her, nothing would she tell them of the cause of her distress; and, finally, her parents settled it in their minds that she was tired out, and, accordingly, bidding her good night, told her she had better not stay up any longer.

Amy was very sorry indeed to see Maude so distressed, and she made up her mind that, when her

mamma came up to bid them good night and see that they were quite comfortable, as was her custom, she would tell her all about it; but she could not summon the courage to do so before her papa.

But, unfortunately, by that time Amy was fast asleep; so the adventure remained untold for that night at least, and, as it proved, for many other nights too: for Amy, though full of the best intentions, could not summon the courage, and therefore put it off from time to time, till she found a week had slipped away before she knew it.

But Amy was really a tender-hearted little creature; and when she saw poor Maude looking dispirited and miserable, she made up her mind that her kind sister should suffer no more on her account. Accordingly, that very night, when her mamma came up-stairs, she told her all that had taken place on that afternoon; and even asked her if she would take her to Uncle David's, that she might tell him all, and ask him to forgive her for all her naughtiness.

Mrs. Rushbrook was very much pleased to hear of her little girl's resolution; but, at the same time, she told her that if she had only had sufficient trust in her parents to have told them before, she would have saved several persons a great deal of unnecessary pain; for her papa, as well as herself, had felt rather anxious about Maude, thinking she must be ill.

Amy, too, felt very sorry that she had not before told her mamma; for the relief was so great, and she had found it so much easier a task than she had supposed, that she wondered now how she could have remained so long with such a burden on her mind.

But Amy's patience was put to rather a severe test; for she found that she would not be able to see Uncle David for a week at least, as he had gone to stay a week with a friend in London. But a bright idea had come into Amy's head. She would catch all the butterflies she could find, and get papa to put them into a glass case; and then, when Uncle David returned, she would give it to him. She would have plenty of time if she stayed out in the garden all day, and ran after every butterfly she saw. And this plan appeared to her to be a particularly happy one; as it would be some little sacrifice not to play all day long, but to stay out in the garden doing nothing for fear a butterfly should escape her; and she did very much want to show Uncle David how sorry she was.

In vain she thought over all her most precious treasures; she could think of nothing else that would do to give her uncle: for she was afraid he would hardly care about a doll, or a Noah's ark, though she had both, and would gladly have given him either.

After a great deal of weighty consideration, Amy determined that she would give Uncle David the case of butterflies; and having decided this important matter, she hastened to tell her mamma, and obtain her consent and approval.

Amy was rather inclined to feel indignant, when she perceived a smile on her mamma's face while she was telling her her plan; but her indignation soon vanished, for her mamma told her that she was sure that Uncle David would be very pleased with his little niece's gift, and also gave her permission to stay out of doors as long as was necessary to catch the required number of insects.

Maude's relief was very great when she found that Amy had told her mamma all the circumstances of the case, and her only fear now was that when Uncle David should arrive at home and hear all about it, he would be vexed with little Amy, and Maude could not bear that should happen. Maude approved of Amy's plan, and offered to help her in her self-appointed task, but this Amy would not hear of, as she wanted to do it all herself.

Little Amy persevered bravely, but it was a very tedious affair, for frequently just as she had caught a beautiful butterfly, and was panting and quite out of breath with her chase, the tiresome thing would fly away out of the box she kept them in; and once when the box was nearly full, she was just peeping in to count them, and they all flew away, not even one remaining to console her. All this was certainly very disheartening, but Amy was determined

not to be thwarted in her plan, so she set to work again in right good earnest, and before Uncle David had returned, she had quite enough to fill a small case.

The next day Mrs. Rushbrook took her two little daughters to pay a visit to Uncle David, who had already returned home, Amy holding her case herself, for she could not think of letting any one else do so. Mrs. Rushbrook, as soon as they reached the house, proceeded to explain to Uncle David the whole affair, telling him how Amy had caught all the butterflies in the case herself, in order to show Uncle David how really sorry she was, at which juncture Amy joined her, tendering her present, and begging her uncle to accept it.

Uncle David did accept it, too; and besides that, told Amy he was so pleased with it that he should put it in his museum, and to Amy's infinite delight wrote on a little card, "English butterflies, presented by Miss Amy Rushbrook," which he placed on the case before putting it in the museum.

With Maude Uncle David was particularly pleased, but he told her that the only fault he had to find with her was for the falsehood she had told, and though her love for her little sister had prompted it, it was as much a falsehood in God's eyes as if told with the worst intention. L. M. C.

### "THE QUIVER" ORPHAN-HOME FUND.

[At the close of our Volume we present our Readers with a statement of the "Quiver" Orphan-Home Fund. By the kind and active zeal of our readers, an entirely new wing has been added to the National Orphan Home, consisting of a complete set of rooms for the purpose of an infirmary. This new wing was formally presented to the Committee of Management on the 3rd of last June by the Editor of THE QUIVER, in the name of the Subscribers. H.R.H. the Princess Mary Adelaide, ever ready to give her Royal sanction and kind aid to any good work, was pleased to be present on the occasion, and declare the New Wing open. Amongst those present were H.R.H. the Prince of Teck, Colonel Clifton (in attendance on H.R.H. the Princess), the Countess Russell, the Countess of Lichfield, Lord and Lady Ebury, Lord Effingham, Lady Hope, Sir R. Hamilton, Sir G. F. Hervey, &c. In closing this work of charity and love, we cannot but thank our readers very cordially for their generous aid, and express our confidence that to every one who has contributed to this work, it will ever be a source of real and pure satisfaction to remember that they have helped to render more efficient and more extensively useful an Institution which, so far as is possible, acts the part of a father to the fatherless.—Ed. Q.]

#### (TWENTY-FIRST LIST.)

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ledged	848 5 1	Postage Stamps, and expenses connected with		handing over the "Quiver" Wing to the Officers	
„ Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin's Donation	50 0 0	of the National Orphan Home		„ Amount paid on account, for Building the	74 10 3
		"Quiver" Wing for the National Orphan Home		„ Balance paid to the Treasurer of the National	450 0 0
		"Quiver" Home for finishing and furnishing the		"Quiver" Wing, &c.	373 14 10
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Several amounts have been received since the List was closed and the Balance-Sheet made out. These will be forwarded direct to the Treasurer of the National Orphan Home.



